

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

O R,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, December 10, 1803.

[No. 52.]

ANGELINA,

A TALE.

CHARLES Brunville, at the early age of two-and-twenty, obtained a captaincy in the Guards; and being liberally supplied by his friends, who were of the first respectability, was enabled to appear in every respect as a man of fashion: yet, gifted as he was by nature and fortune, his affections were of a more humble nature than accorded with the proud views of his family.

Angelina, the daughter of an aged veteran, whom misfortune had reduced to a state of indigence, was the object of his most ardent love, and she returned his honorable and disinterested passion with the warmth of uncontaminated innocence.—The opposition which his father made to his union with Angelina, though it did not alter his determination, in some degree restrained him; and, in the life-time of Cleveland, he forbore to act in open defiance of their authority. His death, however, throwing her entirely upon him for protection, induced him to sacrifice every consideration to preserve the woman he adored; and he prevailed upon Angelina to accept his hand, and introduced her to his family, as one he was determined to protect from injury or insult at the hazard of his life and fortune.

Exasperated at this conduct, Mr. Brunville instantly forbade him the house, and cut him off entirely from any claim upon the estate, as a punishment deservedly incurred by his disobedience.

Young and sanguine in his expectations, the pecuniary loss affected captain Brunville but little, and the strength of his love for a woman, so undeservedly despised, rather increased than abated. For a short time they subsisted in a state of genteel affluence upon his pay; but a love of dissipation, which he never had prudence to restrain, and an increase of family, involved them in the greatest embarrassments; and as there are numerous temptations and resources in London, Brunville was not long a novice in the ways of the world. The gaming-tables were repeatedly visited, nor was he roused from his delusion, till he found himself the dupe of villainy: he returned, pillaged and involved, to his family—his father would not advance him a shilling to save him from perpetual imprisonment, and his children wanted the necessities of life.—To one gentleman he owed two thousand pounds; he was importunate for payment, and Brunville could not raise a twentieth of the sum.

"Will you," cried he, almost distracted, "dearest Angelina, go to Mr. Barfleur!—inexorable as he is, he will surely be moved at the sight of such

virtue in distress. Take our beautiful little innocents—they will plead to his heart!—Excellent girl, forgive this request, dictated by necessity."

Angelina paused a moment—tears filled her eyes—the struggle of her feelings was hard; but affection for her husband overcame the timidity of her nature, and, throwing her arms around him, she cried—

"Have I not been the cause of all your sufferings? Has not your fatal attachment to me reduced you to this? and shall I refuse to save you, if in my power, from a noisome dungeon! Oh! let me go immediately my dear Charles."

As a great deal depends upon a first appearance, Angelina habited her children in the most attractive yet simple garb, and hastened with them to the house of Mr. Barfleur. She was admitted immediately, and had every reason to fear, from the sternness of his features, a rejection of her petition. Kneeling, with uplifted hands and supplicating looks, she implored his compassion; while she was supported on one side by a graceful boy, whose eyes were raised with the most expressive earnestness to the furrowed face of Mr. Barfleur, as his arm fondly encircled the neck of his mother; and a lovely little girl, about six years old, hid her face with her hand, and wept in sympathy.

THE VISITOR,

Mr. Barfleur was inconceivably affected, and raising her kindly, assured her that, though he would never forgive the least appearance of imposition, he was so well convinced of her sincerity, he would do all in his power to serve capt. Brunville and her.

He was as good as his word: the bond was cancelled; the children placed at his expence, in reputable schools; and an annual stipend settled on Brunville, till he could, by æconomy, retrieve his affairs. A few years rendered his generosity to the captain useless, he fell in a desperate engagement, and Mrs. Brunville, never recovering the shock of his death, followed him to the grave in a few months. Still extending his benevolence to the orphan children, he placed Charles in the army; and, finding Angelina daily acquiring fresh beauties, his heart expanded to her with a warmth of sentiment he had scarcely ever felt before. Attached to him by gratitude, the artless caresses of Angelina augmented his passion; and he determined, in defiance of the world's censure, to make her his wife.

Angelina had scarcely seen any other man in her life; certainly loved none so well; and considering little the nature of the engagement, or the disparity of their years, consented without the smallest reluctance, as the most effectual method of ensuring his perpetual protection for herself and brother, whose return now was hourly designed from a foreign expedition, when the ceremony was expected to take place immediately. The wished-for period arrived—Charles rushed into the arms of an affectionate sister—a kind benefactor.—With him he brought a youth; introduced to their notice as one, who, at the risque of his own life, had been the preserver of his, in an enterprize of imminent danger. The modest and pensive looks of the young stranger spoke strongly in his favor; and upon being questioned by Mr. Barfleur respecting his name and family, he replied with an air of distress and humility—

“Excuse me, Sir, on a subject that gives me the most poignant grief. I know but one parent: she fell the victim of parental cruelty, and base seduction; yet her virtues were such as reflect shame on her persecutors; and I live to lament her misfortunes, and revenge her wrongs!”

As his fine countenance was agitated by contending passion, Angelina surveyed him with mixed surprise and admiration, and, for the first time, wished her destined husband otherwise than he really was. Barfleur watched her with looks of mistrust, and trembled for his own success, when contrasted, as he now was, with youth and beauty.

Charles finding he had done wrong in introducing a stranger, apologized with the most respectful timidity; and as Barfleur could do no less than give him a courteous reception, a short time removed all appearance of restraint.—Charles expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the proposed arrangement, yet it was unmixed with dissatisfaction; and Angelina sighed as her lips moved in confirmation of the intelligence.

The young stranger gazed attentively at the whole party, and again relapsed into a state of dejection. In a few days every thing was prepared for the nuptials; and as the hour approached, the heart of Angelina sunk with reluctance. A heavy gloom sat on the brow of Charles, and a tear fell upon the hand of his sister as he raised it to his lips to congratulate her on her approaching happiness. On the morning appointed for the ceremony, the stranger was no where to be found; but in the dressing room was the following note, addressed to Charles Brunville:

“An unhappy passion, which not even the utmost exertion of my reason can restrain, has occasioned me to act in this mysterious manner. The partiality which your friendship has procured me from your lovely sister, may, in time, be productive of fatal consequences; and as I dare not attempt to injure the benefactor of one I so much esteem, I must tear myself for ever from an object so attracting as Angelina. To hear of her welfare is all the consolation I dare hope for; and my most fervent prayers shall be offered up for her happiness.

EDGAR.”

Charles instantly put this note into his patron's hand, and watched his eyes with the most eager attention. Barfleur read it in visible agitation: his hand shook, and tears filled his eyes.—“Tell me, candidly, Charles,” cried he, “do you imagine Angelina has a

partiality for this youth?—Remember, I question you upon your honor!”

Charles tremblingly replied—“I dare not deceive you, sir, I suspect she has.”

Barfleur struck his forehead in doubt and uneasiness—“I see my error,” cried he, “and am deservedly punished: but suffer what I may, I will act in an honorable manner—I swore to be the friend of your mother, of her children; and I will prove myself so—not by binding an innocent, lovely girl in bonds of misery!—but, by making two worthy hearts happy, deserve happiness myself. You, Charles, I suppose, know where your friend is to be found. Recall him; and if I find, upon further investigation, that he is worthy of my Angelina, she shall be all his own.”

Penetrated with joy, Charles blessed his benefactor with undissembled sincerity, and instantly wrote to Edgar, who had joined his company, to return, as the leave of absence granted them was not expired; acquainting him with the whole transaction. Edgar returned immediately; and after paying his acknowledgments was closetted with Mr. Barfleur. When they returned, a gleam of the most heart-felt pleasure shone on all his features, and, presenting him to Angelina, he said—“Heaven, my dear children; never fails to reward a benevolent action. By designing good to others, I have myself derived a most essential benefit. I blush, even at this advanced age, to recall to mind the follies of my youth. Edgar is my son!—By me was his mother seduced and abandoned; yet I have since suffered pangs of the deepest anguish. My child shall now be rewarded for the injury I did his mother; and Angelina shall no longer be constrained to me as a husband, but pay me, voluntarily, the love of an affectionate and dutiful child.

The exultation of conscious virtue sparkled in his eyes as his children knelt round him; and, extending his hands with a paternal benediction, he exclaimed—“Would I exchange this blissful moment for what a selfish gratification, founded on the misery of another, could produce? No, no!—Happiness is only to be found in dispensing it to others; and I now feel, that, however passion or prejudice may delude us, the benefits we confer on others are reflected ten-fold upon our-

selves by the blessings of a peaceful conscience."

A short time after Edgar's union with a most amiable woman, Mr. Barfleur waited on her grandfather; and, after informing him of every event, prevailed on him to see the children of his unfortunate son. Pride, operating as powerfully as affection, induced him to comply; and their engaging manners soon so effectually removed every unfavorable impression, that, at his death, they became sole possessors of his immense fortune.

On the CONJUGAL CHARACTER.

IT is the remark of an elegant and modern writer,* that—"No man ever prospered in the world, without the unanimity and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, regular, and intelligent, it will avail nothing, if she is profuse, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to the trust reposed in her."

The absolute justice of this judicious observation has been too often exemplified, in the various orders of society, for any person to attempt to prove its fallacy; and melancholy are the proofs we might daily receive of the disorders which arise from the disagreement of those who are bound to be unanimous, both by the rules of reason and the law of Heaven.

If the social affections are allowed to be the inspirers of virtue and magnanimity, how is a man to be supposed capable of exerting those qualities, who perceives they are not likely to minister to any one's gratification? Or how can he entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds those who ought to esteem him inclined to do it? He will feel little temptation to cultivate faculties in which no one appears either to feel a pleasure or to take an interest.

But how different must be the situation of a man, who, in the partner of his affection, possesses an incitement to virtue; and who, in the approving smile of her tenderness, enjoys the most refined and gratifying reward!

* HUNTER.

With what spirit and perseverance will he labor in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be carefully improved! With what confidence will he exert himself, what difficulties encounter, what dangers meet, when he knows he is not spending his time in vain; and that the gentle being, whose interest and happiness are blended with his own, shares in her turn *his* solitudes and ease!

Human life is composed of variations: sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of the most prosperous; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has merely found an associate for his *days of happiness*, whilst for the *months* of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared!

The moralities of life, and the duties of religion, are so completely blended and combined, that it is impossible to break through the one, without a manifest infringement on the other; but, amidst all the natural ties that bind them, none ought to act so strongly on the mind as those existing between wife and husband: and in how interesting a light do those characters appear, whose conjugal virtues embellish the page either of the poet or historian! Who can peruse with coldness or indifference the tenderness of an Andromache—the stability of a Penelope—the resolution of a Paulina—or the delicacy of a Lucretia? Or who can hesitate to pronounce, that such characters become patterns to their sex, and an honor to human nature?

* See Mrs. Pilkington's "Mirror for Young Ladies."

FOR THE VISITOR.

IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE advertising for husbands and wives has lately become all the *rage*, I cannot but feel anxious to be in the fashion as well as other people: but I would by no means have any body suppose that I attempt this method because I cannot attain a husband without it—no, I do it entirely to be in the fashion, for I know of twenty or thirty beaux, either of whom would think himself in heaven if I would but say the word. But to the point, I suppose I must mention my qualifications, that is, a few of

the principal ones, for were I to give a particular description of them all, they would at least occupy a whole quire of paper; for it must be allowed that whatever constitutes the fashionable and accomplished lady, I possess in a pre-eminent degree. Some envious people have had the impudence to say I am not handsome, but my beaux and my glass tell me a very different story, and I can imagine no reason for doubting their veracity.—My figure is perfection itself—imagination can propose no alteration for the better.

But not wishing the gentlemen to rely entirely upon my word, I take the full advantage of the present fashion of dressing thin, and thereby give them an opportunity of judging with a very little help of the imagination, as accurately as myself.

But lest some well-meaning, but superstitious people should suppose that I am wanting in modesty, it will be proper for me to observe, that *I am not sensible* that I expose myself in this way. I cannot omit mentioning in this place, that there are several other things that I frequently do without knowing it,—such as holding up my clothes higher than is necessary, when it rains or when the streets are wet,—also exposing my ankle and sometimes even a garter, by running suddenly across the street, also leaning carelessly forward or frequently making pretences to stoop down, and thereby show more of the bosom than even the fashion dare designedly do. Here I suppose some mighty inquisitive people will ask, why such accidents should seldom happen when there are no gentlemen present to observe them: but this question I can easily answer by asking another, and that is, What is any invention good for, unless it is used in its proper place.

As to education, I have enough for a lady. I can sing like a syren, dance like an angel, romp like a tomboy, and talk as loud as to be heard all over the neighborhood. I can also swear like a woman of spirit and taste; and have at my tongues end, a long string of *hard dictionary words*, beautiful expressions, and fashionable compliments. In *rattling* off these, I possess such a wonderful talent, that I often make people stare at me as a prodigy of learning. I have read a vast many plays and novels, and know the names of all the

most eminent authors, as Pope, Homer, Ovid, Chesterfield, and Tristram Shandy, and by frequently mentioning these names, I get as much credit as if I had read them all. I can draw and paint beautifully: I can sketch a tree, a lap-dog or a man, so perfectly natural, that a stranger would suppose that parent nature did it herself. I often attend church, to see and be seen: but to go there from a serious regard to religion, I consider beneath a lady of spirit and fashion. It is true, I sometimes pretend to join in the service, but I always feel as if I wanted to laugh, and not unfrequently look around on the *beaus*, and make them laugh with me. I shall only add further, that my reputation in all respects is so great, that my manners, dress, actions and language are copied by no small number of ladies of the first fashion and respectability in the city and country.

It now only remains that I should give a compendious description of the qualities I wish in a husband. In the first place, he must be rich, for I love to *cut a dash*;—he must not be a man of deep erudition, or strongly attached to study, for such men are not apt to pay all that attention to the whims and caprices of an *all-accomplished* woman, that she has a right to expect. I will frankly acknowledge that I wish him tamely to submit to my government, I shall be very angry if he does not, tho' I shall despise him if he does. I have my fears that none but a fool will comply with such requisitions, but such fools are so common now-a-days, that it will not be quite so great a disgrace as it otherwise would. I should, if it is possible, wish him to possess all the qualities of a *high blood*, a *perfect buck*, and a *complete beau*. I care not how great a rake he may be, for should he have deceived and betrayed a number of silly, innocent, ignorant girls, it would only serve to raise him in my opinion, for I love a man of spirit, and shall never think the worse of him for having taken every advantage of the women in that way that he can possibly obtain. I am willing he should gamble, attend horse-races, and now and then have a high scrape, get drunk, and swear, insult all he meets, break windows, tear down fences, &c. Now, whatever superstitious people may think of this, I consider it quite an addition to the character of a gentleman, and can see no harm now and then in a little

such pleasant sport. But to conclude, if some man that wants such a wife as I shall make, and will make such a husband as I want, will answer this advertisement, or give me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, I flatter myself that he will have no reason to repent it.

S. A. M.

For the Visitor.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF SOCIETIES IN THIS CITY.

I. Two eighths of a bird, a conjunction, two sevenths of a change, one fourth of not sick, and a crooked letter.

II. Three fourths of an emblem, two thirds of the Deity reversed, four fifths of a fruit, one half of an exclamation, and three fourths of a summons.

III. Three fourths of not wild, three sevenths of a bracelet, and one third of an affirmative.

IV. A christian name and three fourths of a large fish, three sixths of a trifle, two thirds of a mistake, two sevenths of a mystery, and one fourth of a measure.

V. Five sixths of a round pillar, one half of a green color, and two thirds of a small insect, five sixths of a contest, two fifths of a passage, and one seventh of a large ship.

VI. Two fifths of a dry measure, three sixths of an alteration, three sevenths of a christian name, changing the first letter.

J. W.

A solution is requested.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Addressed to the editor of the MONTHLY MIRROR.

IT has been proposed as a question, whether the reading of romances and novels only, (to the exclusion of all other books) or whether no reading of any kind whatever would be productive of the worst consequences. I have consi-

dered this question over and over again, and maturely weighed every pro and con that occurred to me on the subject. It is urged by the "anti-novelists" that romances and novels only tend to estrange the minds of youth (especially of females) from their own affairs, and transmit them to those of which they read: so that, while totally absorbed in lamenting and condoling with the melancholy situation of a Julia, an Emily, or a Matilda, or lost in the admiration of the glorious deeds of some *all-perfect* novel-hero, they neglect both their own interest, and the several duties which they owe to parent, friend, or brother. That such is but too often the case, I am sorry to be obliged to confess. Yet though a great part of our modern novels are flimsy productions, without either good writing or good sense, others mere catchpenny trash, and some immoral and even impious; though the press teems with "Midnight Bells," "Black Castles," "Haunted Towers," "Mysterious Monks," &c. &c. with a long train of ghosts, phantoms, &c. yet I am inclined to think that many excellent precepts, and morals are inculcated in by far the greater part of them; and that the rest are to be censured rather as being *absurd, improbable, and ill-written*, than tending to corrupt the mind. (I except some few, such as the "Monk", by Mr. Lewis, which is not only immoral, but blasphemous, cum paucis aliis.) For example, those written by the ingenious and amiable Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, and Dr. Moore's "Edward," "Zeluco," &c. which are not only commendable, but thank-worthy; possess, in my opinion, the powers of pleasing and instructing at the same time: a rare coalition! The latter particularly paints life in accurate colors, and from the various actions and opinions of the characters, deduces morals the most wholesome and unexceptionable. I might mention several others of hardly inferior merits, but let these suffice. Such productions as these are doubly excellent; because, while they inculcate the best morals, they give the readers an accurate knowledge of life and manners; of which it is highly proper young people should have a correct idea. For a young unsophisticated person just entering upon life, imbibes with eagerness whatever principles he first becomes acquainted with; and if these should happen to have a bad tendency, what would become of him, if his mind had not been guarded against

them, by some previous insight into the sophistry and fallacy of the world, which are duly exposed in the works before-mentioned? But if we consider the other side of the question, and suppose a person, who, having never looked into a book, consequently can have no taste for reading, what a plodding, insensible, and worldly-minded mortal do we behold! Such a person may, possibly, make his way through the world with tolerable success, but can never have any pretensions to the character of a gentleman. He may meet with the applause of those of his own stamp; but by the sensible and discerning, his education will be considered as an everlasting monument of his own and his parents folly.

Communicated for the Visitor.

The following letters were found in a Welsh church, over the Ten Commandments, and remained upwards of a century unexplained. As a couplet of poetry making use of only one of the vowels, it commands admiration.

PRSVRYPRFCTMN,
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

To solve the enigma, add one vowel, and use it as often as is found necessary.

SCRAPS.

The Portuguese government has issued orders directing every man in the kingdom without distinction, who is capable of bearing arms, to hold himself in readiness to join the armies; and in the mean time has prohibited the young men from *marrying!!!*

A preacher laid a wager he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit, took these words for his text, "*It is for you, woman, that I die.*"

During the retreat of the British in Holland, while the men were flouncing thro' the mud in a road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deef*; "I am *too deef* already, (shouts a grenadier) I am *up to the knees*."

AN EQUIVOCAL EPISTLE.

MADAM,

The great love and tenderness I have hitherto exprest for you is *false*:—and, I feel that indifference towards you, increase every day, and the more I see of you, the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and an object of contempt. I find myself in every sense disposed and determined, to hate you. Believe me I never had the least inclination to offer you my heart. Our last conversation, I assure you has left a tedious and wretched insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character:—your inconstant temper would make me extremely unhappy, and if we are ever united I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my aged parents, added to an everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but, believe me, I do not wish you to imagine it is at your service, it is impossible I could give it to one more inconstant, coquetish, and capricious than yourself, and less capable to do honor to my choice and to my family—yes, Madam, I beg and desire you will be persuaded, that I think sincerely and you will do me the greatest favor to avoid me. I shall readily excuse your taking the trouble to give me an answer to this; your letters are always full of nonsense and impertinence, and you have not the shadow of wit, or good sense. Adieu! believe me, that I am so very averse to you, that it is impossible I should ever be

Madam,

Your affectionate humble servant, &c.

MAGNANIMITY.

AT a late assizes for the county of York, (Eng.) John Holden, late clerk to a respectable house in Leeds, was tried on a charge of forgery, found guilty and condemned. The circumstances attending this person's case are sufficiently remarkable to merit detail. His family sustained a very respectable rank in Halifax, and his father in particular was a most worthy man, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. Immediately after the sentence passed upon this unhappy son, a dissenting minister in that neighborhood, of the Baptist persuasion, who had been long and intimately attached to the father, presumed to address his majesty in a moving petition for the pardon of the son of his deceased friend. Aware that it has been an almost invariable rule with the sovereign to grant no pardon for the crime of forgery, he had little hope of success, but his petition prevailed, and the pardon has been granted. That the solicitation of a private individual in a case of this nature should obtain a gracious acceptance from the sovereign, while similar applications, though urged by numbers, and with the weight of personal influence, have failed of success, will, no doubt, strike many with surprise. The following circumstances however, have come to our knowledge, and for the truth of which

we can vouch, may serve to explain, in some measure, the singularity of the preceding narrative. In the course of the last year, a preacher before the royal family, in his sermon, quoted a passage in illustration of his subject, from a living author, whose name however, was not mentioned. The extract arrested the attention of the king, who, as soon as the service was ended, enquired from what author the quotation was made. But being informed that he was a dissenting minister, now living in Yorkshire, his majesty gave orders that the book should be procured him, and the author was made acquainted with his majesty's pleasure. The book was transmitted to the king, accompanied by a letter from the author, expressive of the sense he entertained of the high honor done him, and requesting his sovereign's acceptance of it. It is added that his majesty was so well pleased with the book, that he desired the author might be informed of his readiness to serve him. The petition lately presented for the pardon of the unfortunate man, afforded this disinterested and amiable minister the opportunity of supplicating at the hands of his sovereign, the exercise of his royal prerogative, while it, at the same time, exhibited a no less favorable one to the king, of evincing the truth and sincerity of his proffered service.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 10, 1803.

Having at length completed the first volume of the *Visitor*, we think it our duty to offer thanks to its patrons for their liberal and kind support. At the commencement of this work we made but few promises, from a consciousness of the difficulty of realizing the pretences of a vaunting prospectus:—"to instruct the minds and amuse the leisure hours of the fair" was our chief intention: how far we have succeeded, we leave to *them* to determine; the rapid increase of signatures to our subscription list, is to us the surest evidence of its efficacy in giving satisfaction.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 31st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 43 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Convulsions 1—hives 1—consumption 7—dropsy 3—Mumps 1—asthma 1—small pox 3—fits 5—inflammation of the lungs 1—sore throat 1—chin cough 1—cold 1—gravel 1—phthisic 1—whooping cough 1—bilious fever 1—hydrophalus 1—Age 1—Lump or strain in the back 1—decline 1—A burn 1—Hydrophobia 1—scarlet fever 1—disorders not mentioned 6.

Of this number 20 were adults and 23 children.

Extract of a letter from Washington, dated December 2, 1803.

"Capt. Rogers arrived here this morning, direct from Tangier; he left the frigate down the river—he brings the pleasing intelligence that peace has been concluded with the emperor of Morocco on our own terms—that nothing as tribute, is exacted from the United States as the price thereof—that the emperor laid the whole blame of the differences on the governor of Tangier. The ship captured by captain Bainbridge, of the Philadelphia, has been restored to the emperor."

Dreadful Calamity in the island of Madeira.

By the ship Thomas Gordon, from Madeira, we learn, that on Sunday the 9th of October, this island was visited by a deluge, equally unprecedented and fatal. About 8 o'clock, P. M. an immense volume of water descended from the mountains, which in five minutes swept away one third of the city of Funchall, with eight hundred persons, who were all carried into the sea and perished! without having time to invoke the mercy of the deity. Forts, which have been built since 400 years, were dismembered and carried into the ocean. The sea was so disturbed that it ran mountains high, and most of the vessels were compelled to cut their cables and run out to sea.

EDUCATION.

A French college, conducted by a number of French Catholic Clergymen, has lately been instituted in the city of Baltimore, for the education of the children of French emigrants to this country.—The benefits of this institution are extended to American children of any religious denomination. The course of studies comprehends the dead languages, but chiefly the Latin, justly considered as an indispensable basis in a literary education, the three modern idioms, English, French, and Spanish, (to which it is contemplated to add the German) Geography, Mercantile Arithmetic, Mathematics, Belles Lettres, History, Moral and Natural Philosophy, besides a daily lesson in Writing for all the pupils; and for those whose friends

may wish them, lessons in the polite arts of Drawing, Painting, Music and Dancing, taught by the most approved masters: all which is calculated and distributed in such a manner as to be easily acquired by youths of middle capacity, in the course of six years, if begun at a proper age, as from ten to twelve.

The discipline is strict, and carefully kept up, the students being at all times, both day and night, under watchful inspection.

An Academy has been built and opened at Golchester, (Con.) from a fund of \$30,000 left by Mr. John Bacon, of that town, to be appropriated as a fund for that benevolent purpose.

The following prize subjects are proposed by the Maryland Society for promoting useful knowledge.

- 1st, The history of the state of Maryland.
- 2d, The best mode of punishing criminals.

A gold medal with an appropriate motto and relief, will be adjudged to each of the best productions on those subjects, received previous to the first of January, 1805.

Candidates for the above prizes will be pleased to direct their papers to Dr. John Owen, Secretary of the Society at Baltimore, and annexed to them a sealed note containing the author's name and residence, under cover of directions for the disposal of these papers in case they fail to obtain a prize.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.

John Bull, Colman, and La Foret Noire.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5.

Castle Spectre, Lewis, and Sixty-third Letter, Gulton.

The parts of *Reginald, Motley, and Angela*, were new cast this evening, and well sustained by Messrs. Fennel and Harwood, and Mrs. Johnson: but the

principal novelty was the first appearance of a young gentleman in the character of *Osmond*. The audience received the candidate with just applause. Every proof of theatrical talents was greeted warmly; and we were pleased to observe that the approbation was not, as is sometimes the case on *first appearances*, the indiscriminate plaudits of friends, but the spontaneous expression of pleasure.

This gentleman is tall and manly in his figure; his face formed for the expression of passion, and capable of great variety; his walk is not yet formed to the stage, yet is it far from being awkward; and the same may be said of his gesture: his voice has great strength and compass—the management of it he has yet to learn; though in many instances the tones were precisely such as we wished to hear.

Upon the whole, we observed no defect but such as attention and industry will overcome, and we saw proofs of powers far beyond mediocrity, perhaps capable of being cultivated to the height of the dramatic art.

The farce received the warmest proofs of its fully answering the purpose of Farce.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7.

The *Castle Spectre* again. The *First Floor* was advertised with it, but owing to the sudden illness of Mr. *Harwood*, was changed to the *Village Lawyer*.

Upon Mr. *Martin* mentioning the unfortunate cause of the change, one or two gentlemen of great sensibility expressed their disapprobation of the *unmannerly disease* which had thus attacked a favorite, by *hisses*.

The young *Osmond* was better dressed and more at his ease to-night; but appeared to fail in some parts of the character through an unnecessary exertion of his voice in others.

A new play was announced for Friday, which we understand was one of the principal supports of the Hay-market Theatre, London, last summer, and possesses great interest united to much comic effect.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Married,

On the 11th ult. Mr. *Ethan S. Bancker*, of New-York, to Miss *Abigail Sickles*, of Charleston.

At Salem, Mr. *Warren Coxe*, of this city, to Miss *Ellis Cushing*.

At Newport, John B. *Gilpin*, esq. British Vice-Consul, to Miss *Mary E. Miller*.

At Dummerston, hon. Samuel *Stearns*, L. L. D. to Mrs. *Elizabeth Kelly*.



Died,

On Monday morning, the rev. Robert *Smith*, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Savannah.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. *Ludlow*, wife of Daniel *Ludlow*, of this city.

At Albany, John G. *Lansing*, aged 66.

On the 17th of September last, at his plantation in the colony of Essequibo and Demarara, William *Lawrence*, formerly of Newtown, (L. I.)

At Newark, on the 20th ult. Col. Samuel *Hay*, post-master of that place. He served in the Pennsylvania line, as lieutenant, through the whole of the war.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, December 12,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A Play, in 3 Acts, called, The
MAID OF BRISTOL.

To which will be added,

(never performed here)

A Farce, in 2 acts, called,

THE FIRST FLOOR.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city.

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.
Price 25 cents.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all man-lane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing dame Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.



DICK STRYPE,

OR, THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A Tale—by Timothy Bramble.

HABITS are stubborn things :
 And by the time a man is turn'd of forty,
 His ruling passion's grown so haughty,
 There is no clipping of its wings.
 The truth will best be shown,
 By a familiar instance of our own.
 Dick Strype
 Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe :
 He us'd to say, one pipe of Kirkman's best
 Gave life a zest.
 To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
 To see the friendly vapor
 Curl round his midnight taper.
 And the black fume
 Clothe all the room
 In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
 So still he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd his joke ;
 And, had he single married,
 He might have smok'd, and still grown old in smoke ;
 But Richard married.
 His wife was one, who carried
 The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
 She was so nice :
 And thrice a week, above, below,
 The house was scour'd from top to toe,
 And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
 You dar'd not walk upright
 For fear of sliding ;
 But that she took a pride in.
 Of all things else Rebecca Strype
 Could least endure a pipe.
 She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
 Protested that the noisome vapor
 Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper ;
 And cost her many a pound in stucco :
 And then she quoted our king James, who saith,
 " Tobacco is the devil's breath."
 When wives will govern, husbands must obey ;
 For many a day
 Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favorite tobacco,
 And curs'd Rebecca.
 At length the day approach'd, his wife must die :
 Imagine now the doleful cry
 Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
 Who to the funeral come by dozens.
 The undertaker's men and mutes
 Stood at the gate in sable suits,
 With doleful looks,
 Just like so many melancholy rooks,
 Now cakes and wine are handed round,

Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
 For grief makes people dry ;
 But Dick is missing, no where to be found,
 Above, below, about,
 They search'd the house throughout,
 Each hole and secret entry,
 Quite from the garret to the pantry,
 In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook and shelf,
 And all concluded he had hang'd himself.
 At last they found him—reader, guess you where?
 'Twill make you stare—
 Perch'd on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest,
 Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best.

[The cant phrase of OLLAPOD, "I owe you one," has been pleasantly employed in a song, by Mr. Oulton, in the new farce of the Sixty-third Letter; sung at the N. Y. Theatre by Mrs. Seymour, with great applause.]

HARRY came to me last week,
 But I bade the rogue begone ;
 With his lips he touch'd my cheek,
 For, said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love, and dear,
 And my shoulder lean'd upon ;
 With a box, though, in the ear,
 "Sir," cried I, "I pay you one."

Acting then the lover's part,
 How the fellow's tongue ran on—
 Swearing he had lost his heart,
 And of course, "I ow'd him one."

Then he paid me double price,
 For no bounds his raptures knew—
 Kissing once, and kissing twice,
 "Oh," said he, "I owe you two."

PLEASURE AND DESIRE.

By M. G. Lewis, esq.

IN yonder tower lies Pleasure sleeping,
 And near him mourns a blooming maid ;
 He will not wake, and she sits weeping,
 When lo ! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried step, his glance of fire,
 The god of wishes wild declare,
 "Wake, Pleasure, wake," exclaims Desire,
 And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But down the maid, in luckless hour,
 Desire asleep is doom'd to view ;
 "Try, Pleasure, try, she cries, your power,
 And wake Desire, as he 'woke you.

Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure,
 Distinct his province each must keep,
 Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
 And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz :—
 A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."
 Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion ; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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